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TRUMAN

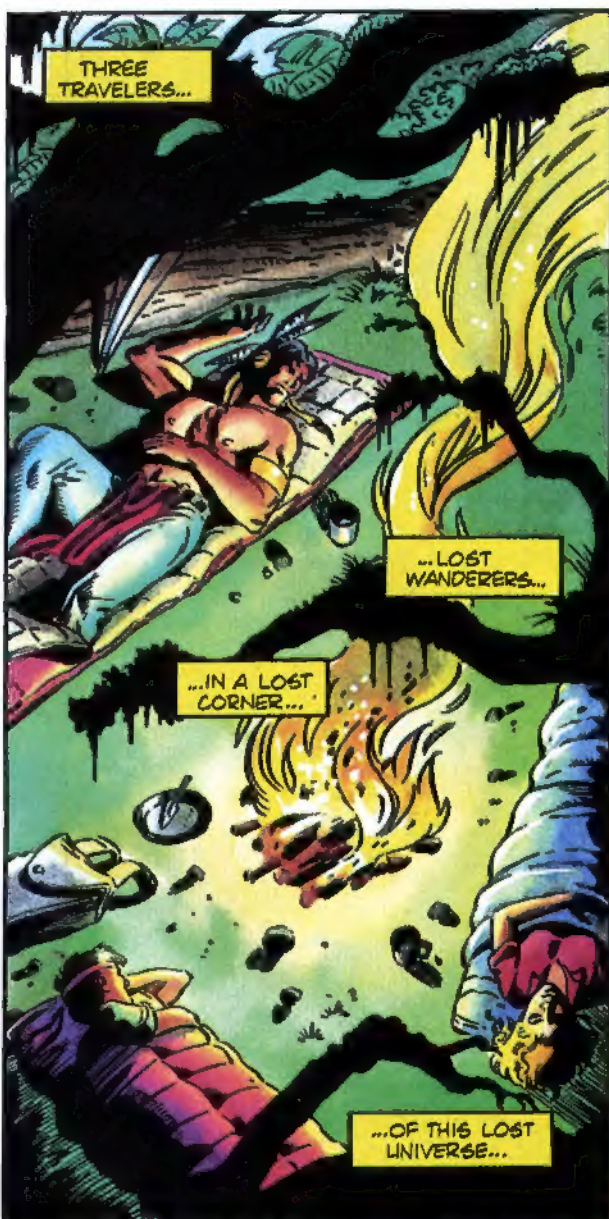
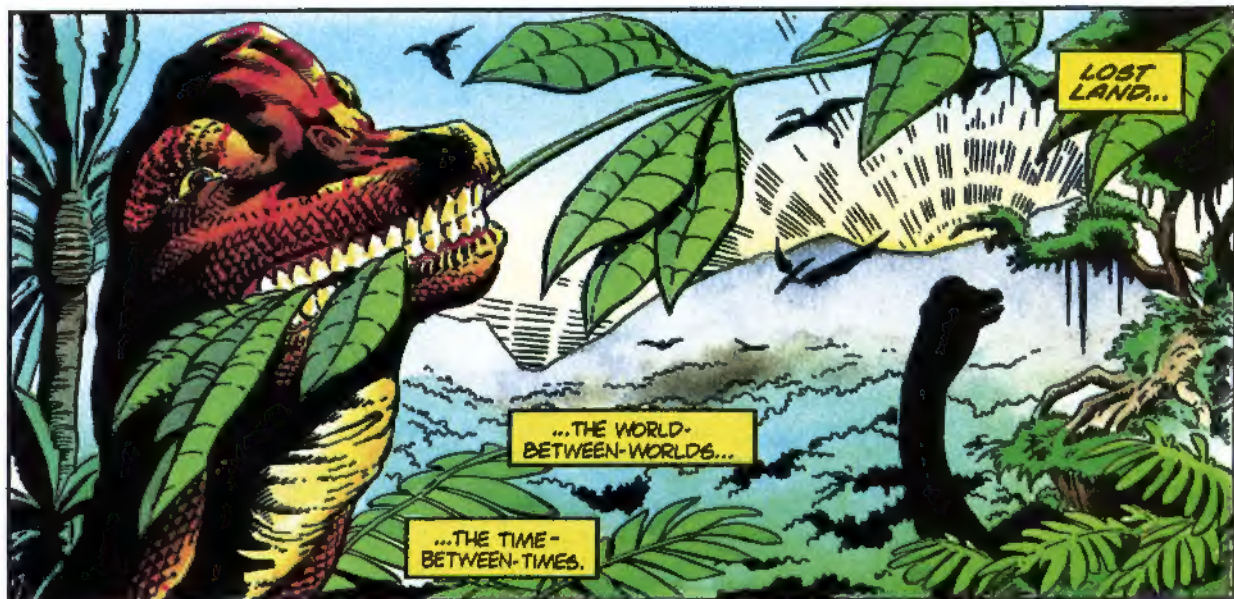
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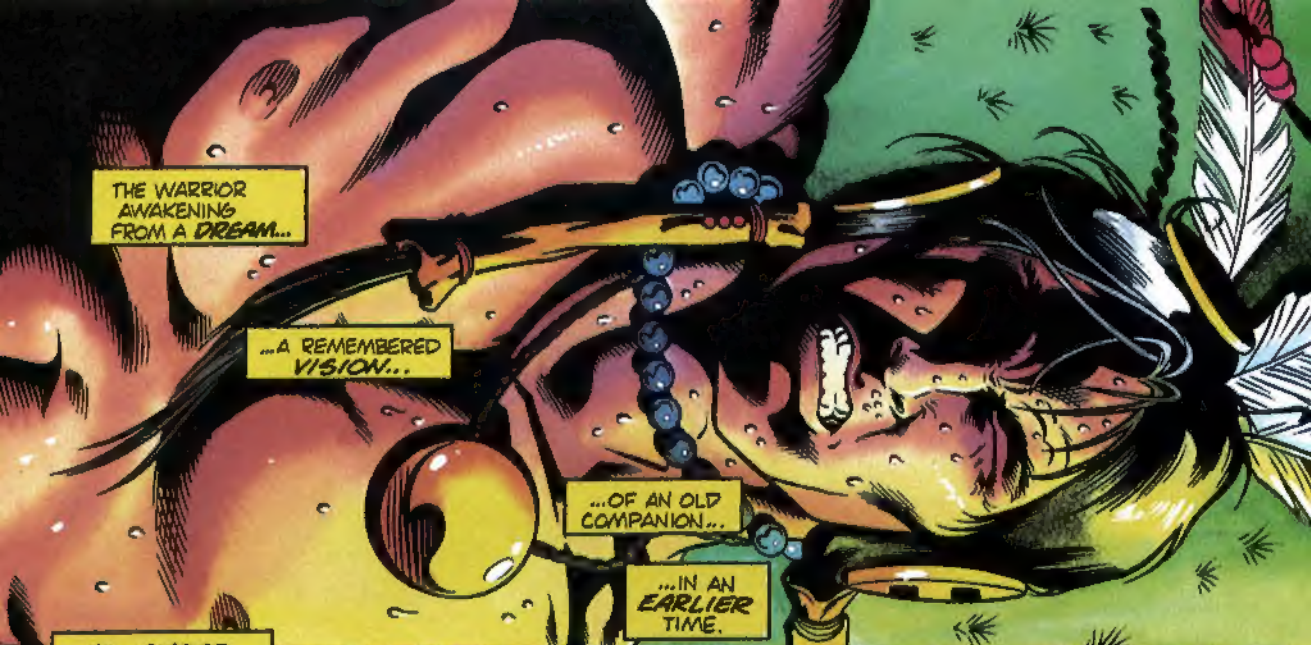
PATTERSON

V-TUROK

DINOSAUR HUNTER

DEEM





THE WARRIOR
AWAKENING
FROM A DREAM...

...A REMEMBERED
VISION...

...OF AN OLD
COMPANION...

...IN AN
EARLIER
TIME.

NO... *ANDAR*
ISN'T HERE NOW.



THERE IS ONLY HIS
GRANDSON, *ANDY*...

...AND THE
WOMAN-SCIENTIST
REGAN HOWELL.

THEN... WHAT ARE
THESE *SHADOWS*
YOU FEEL?

SHADOWS...

...*SHADOWS*...

HSSSS...
SSSSSS!

NO..





YESSSSSS...
SSSSSSS!

TREE OF LIFE LAND OF SHADOWS

writer TIMOTHY TRUMAN penciller AARON LOPRESTI inkers BRUCE PATTERSON and
GARY MARTIN colorist ANDREW COVALT letterer ADAM NIEDZWIECKI
editor MAURICE FONTENOT editor-in-chief BOB LAYTON



MON-ARK!

AH...SSSO YOU
REMEMBER YOUR
OLD ENEMY!

THAT ISSS GOOD!
FOR MON-ARK
REMEMBERS YOU!!
YESSSS! HE
DOES...SSSS!

IT...
CAN'T
BE...



A-ANDY...

...REGAN...



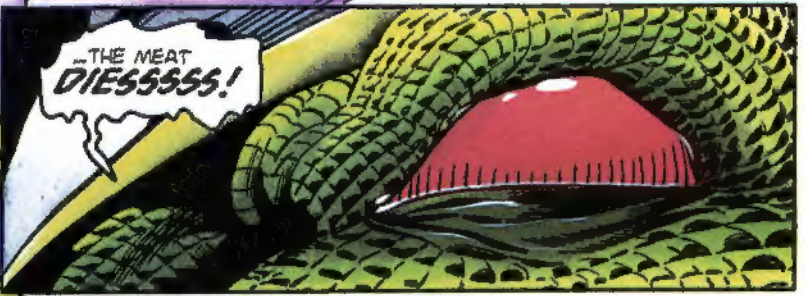
HSSSSSSS!

THEY WILL
SS-SLUMBER...

...AND WHILE
THEY SSSLEEP...

...THE
MEAT WILL
BURN!







DEAD?
HSS-BSSS!

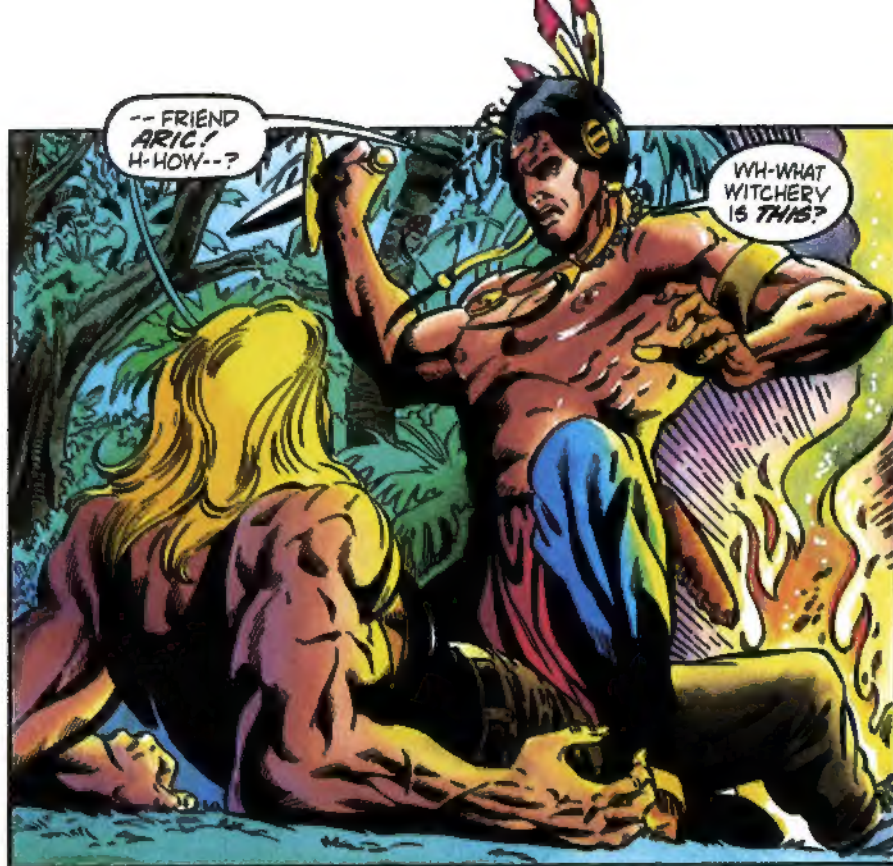
WHAT DOESSS
THE MEAT KNOW OF
BEING DEAD?

LOSSST
MEAT...
SSSORROWED
MEAT...

...MEAT WITHOUT
HOPE... WITHOUT A
TRIBE... WITHOUT
TIME!

WHERE IS
YOUR FAMILY,
TUROK, SON OF
STONE?

WHERE ARE
YOUR
FRIENDS?



-- FRIEND
ARIC!
H-HOW--?

WH-WHAT
WITCHERY
IS THIS?



WHY, THIS IS **LOST
LAND**, MY WAR-BROTHER...
CREATED BY A WITCH'S
SCIENCE... BOUND BY A
WITCH'S **LAWS**!



A
WITCH.

THE FALSE
MOTHERGOD.



AYE, BUT THE WITCH IS
DEAD, IS SHE NOT?

NOW, HELP
ME TO MY
FEET, WAR-
BROTHER.

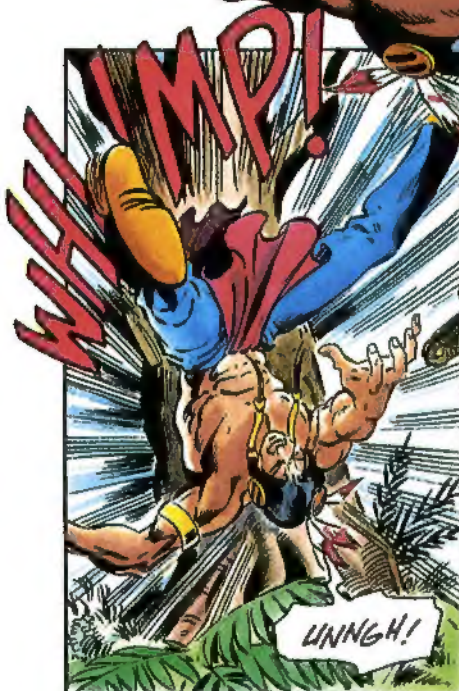
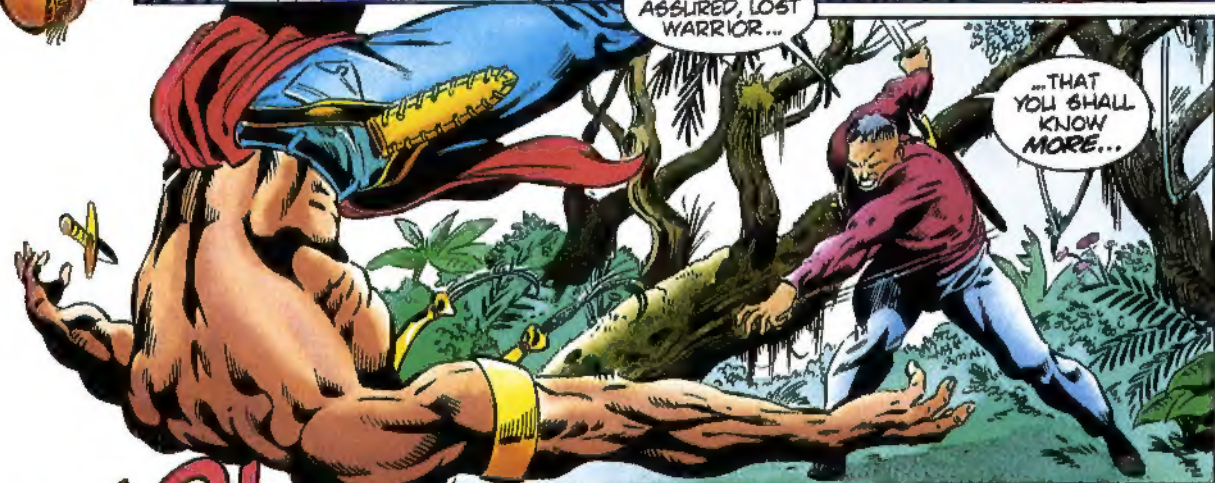


IT IS GOOD TO SEE
YOU, FRIEND. I FEARED
AFTER OUR **LAST** MEET-
ING OUR FRIENDSHIP
WAS **OVER**.

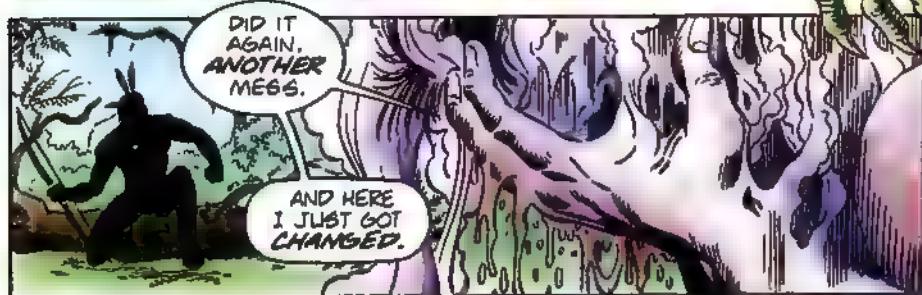
BUT, THIS IS A
PERILOUS PLACE. IT
WILL BE GOOD TO
HAVE YOUR STRENGTH
WITH US.

A
PERILOUS
PLACE.

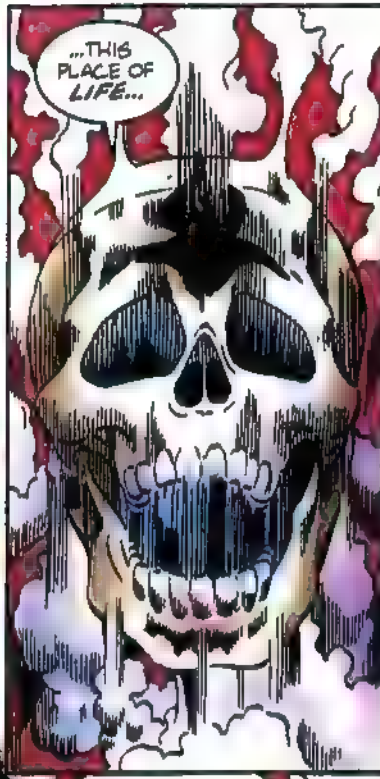
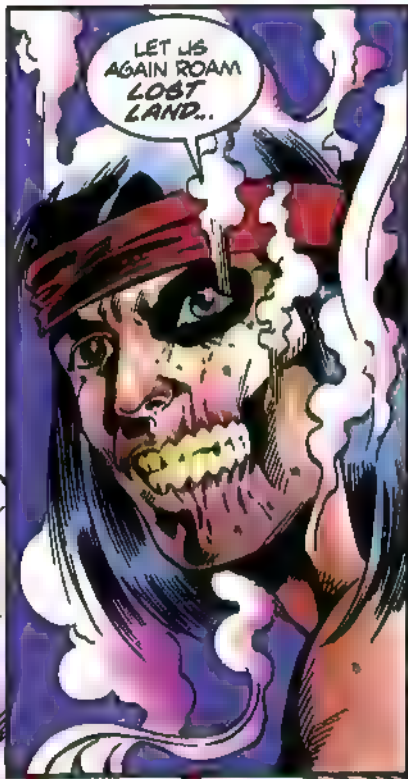
AYE...













GAZE
UPON ME,
TUROK OF THE
KIONA-APACHE!

GAZE UPON
THE FACE OF
YOUR FEAR...

...THE
MIRROR OF
YOUR FATE!



THE WEB
IS SPUN,
SON OF
STONE...

...AND MANY
ARE THE HANDS
OF ITS
SPINNERS!



YOU ARE BUT
A FLY IN THIS
WEB...A
CATCHING...
THE PREY...



...BUT ALREADY,
YOUR LIFE HAS
TOUCHED UPON
THE LIVES OF
MANY!



WARRIOR!

DEMON!

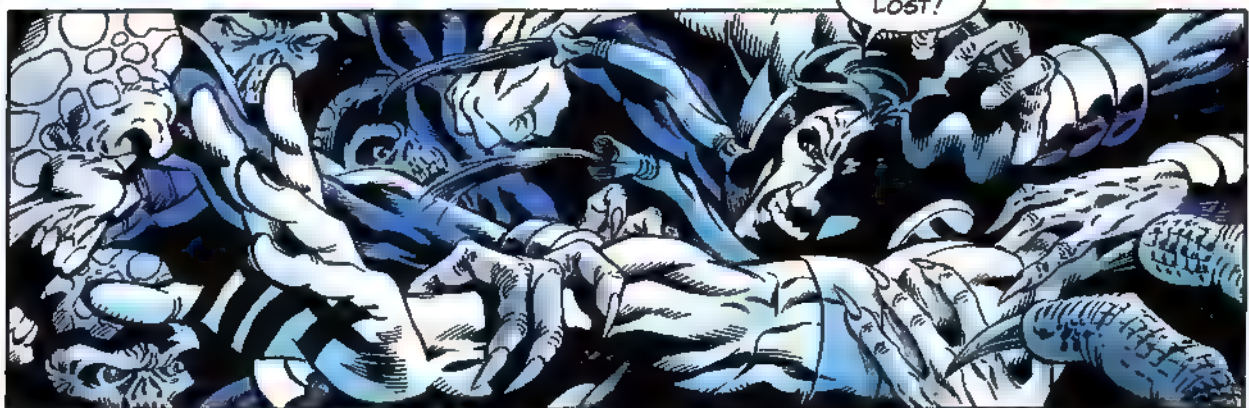
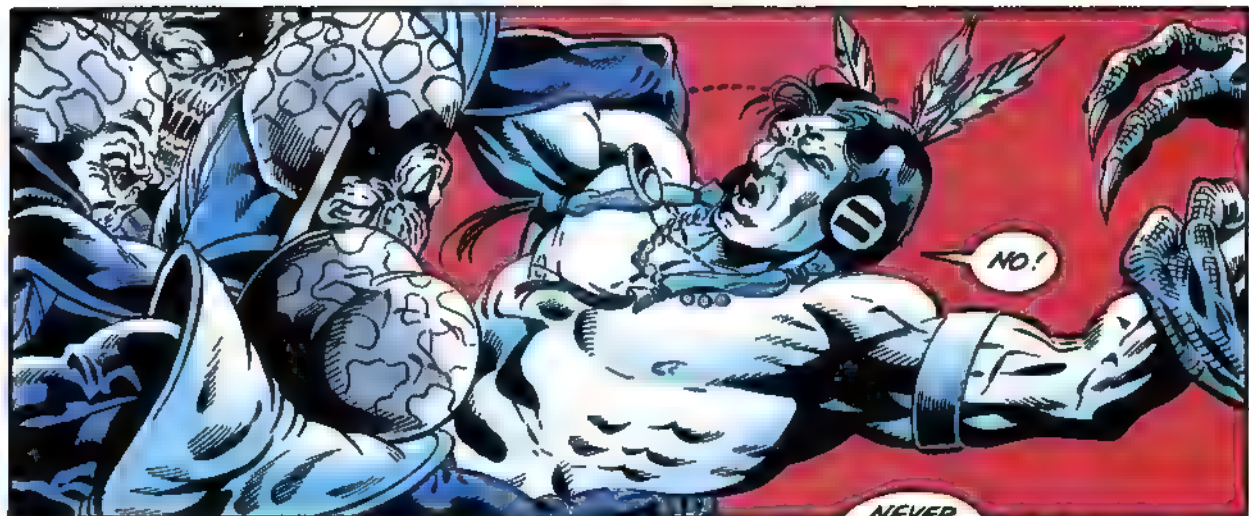
SAVIOR!

DESTROYER!

UNIFIER!

LOST TO YOUR
PEOPLE...

...LOST TO YOUR
TIME!







SEER!
SO YOU
ARE THE CAUSE
OF THIS!

Am I,
Turok?

AM
I?



Thou art the
master of thine
OWN fate, warrior!

Unfortunately,
thy fate has
grown to affect
the fates of
MANY!



I'M TIRED OF
YOUR RIDDLES
AND DREAMS,
WITCH!

Riddles and dreams?
Why, this very land was
BORN on riddles and
dreams...and WITCHERY!

ERICA, the "Mothergod",
created this land as the first
step in her vision of inter-
dimensional CONQUEST and
universal UNITY!



She failed...
as was
HER fate!

But when THOU
vanquished her avatar,
the CAMPAIGNER, by
UNITING the free tribes
of Lost Land, THOU
came close to making
her fevered dreams
a REALITY!





"Mothergod created Lost Land as the **NEXUS** and **MAOS** of her dreams of a unified **MULTIVERSE**!

"From **HERE**, she opened gateways to **OTHER TIMES**—and other **DIMENSIONS**!

"Sweeping out from this lost, inter-temporal land, she collected a **MENAGERIE** of **RACES** and **ANIMALS**, all picked to complete some unknowable corner of her mad **PUZZLE**!

"Her influence was felt throughout the timelines! The ancients memorialized her arcane doorways with creations of their **OWN**-- wondrous **PYRAMIDS**, **TEMPLES**, AND **MONOLITHS**-- each one intended to mark and venerate a **PORTAL TO LOST LAND**!

"Every civilization had a purpose in Erica's dark plan...

"...even as **THOU** hadst **THY** purpose, **TUROK**!"



ANSWER *THIS*, SEER: IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT MOTHERGOD'S DOORWAYS TO LOST LAND, WHY HAVEN'T YOU USED THEM TO ESCAPE?

WHAT KEEPS YOU HERE?



Thou thinkest that I have not *TRIED*, warrior...?

...tried to return to my beloved, deadly Morganna? My student Arthur...?

Rest assured that I *DID*-- but only once! And for my foolishness, I was severely *PUNISHED*!

...to return to my house... my court... my herbs and potions? My *ENGLAND*?



What did *THIS* to me, I cannot tell. But it was done... and I was *CHANGED*!

How could I ever return to my friends and precious homeland with a visage such as *THIS*?



BEWARE YE, HUNTER, LEST THOU SHARE MY FATE!

Know ye that a face or body is not *ALL* this vile place can transmute!



It can also alter thy *SOUL*!



YOUR WORDS DON'T SCARE ME, WITCH! NOR DO YOUR TRICKS AND DREAMS!

So be it, then--to thine own PITY!

Lost Land is thy LIFE--just as it will be thy DEATH!

X-YAAWWNNN...

OH MAN! WHAT TIME IS IT? I SLEPT LIKE A BABY!

JEEZ...ME, TOO. WE'D BETTER GET MOVING IF WE'RE GOING TO FIND CAPTAIN RED'S VILLAGE.



Beware LOST LAND, Turok--and beware its VISIONS!



MORNING, TUROK.

YOU KNOW, I HAD THE WEIRDEST DREAM...



ME, TOO, REGAN...

...ME, TOO.

NEXT:
ISLAND OF NAZI WOMEN!
BY TRUMAN & MORALES